

O A N Z O N i 6 ,



'Ow have I forfeited thy kind regard,  
 That thy disdain should thus enage thy brow!  
 Which, whilom, was the scripture and the card  
 Whereon thou made thy game, and sealed thy  
 vow Which, whilom, thou, with laurel vaticai,  
 Ennobled hast (high signal of renown !),  
 Marrying my voice with thine, hast said withal,  
 " Be thou alone, alonely thou, AMPHION ! "  
 O how hath hlack night welked up this day ? My  
 wasted hopes, why are they turned to graze In  
 pastures of despair? ZEPHERIA say> Wherein  
 have I, on love committed trespass ! O, if in  
 justice, thou must needs acquit me, Reward  
 me with thy love ! Sweet, heal me with thy  
*pity I*

C A N Z O N 17.



Ow shall I deck my Love in love's habiliment,  
 And her embellish in a right depaint ? Sith  
 now is left, nor rose, nor hyacinth, Each one  
 their beauties with their hue acquaint.  
 The gold ceiling of thy brow's rich frame  
 Designs the proud pomp of thy face's  
 architure. Crystal transparent casements to  
 the same, Are thine eyes' sun, which do the  
 world depure;  
 Whose silvery canopy, gold-wire fringes. Thy  
 brow, the bowling place for CUPID'S eye. Love's  
 true-love knots, and lily-lozenges, Thy cheeks,  
 depainten in an immortal dye.  
 If well, thou limned art, now, by face  
 imagery;  
 Judge, how, by life, I then should pencil thee!